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to the true position which is hers by virtue of natural justice.

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# The Sentinol.

### TWELVE PAGES.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8.

OFFICE: 71 and 73 West Market Street.

LENT draweth near.

Ir you know of any suffering among the poor try and relieve it.

HARTFORD, Conn., has \$164,057,000 invested in banks and insurance.

During the past week we seem to have been getting the back numbers of our remarkable winter.

Those who have money to invest are having much trouble to know how they can safely and profitably invest it.

THE expense of seeing the elephant in Jefferson's time, was, according to that state man's diary, but twelve and one-half cents. Those were the good old times of

De nocratic economy. It is suggested that there are no nice little stories about the return of "The Prodigal Daughter." The son can return and have the finest yeal served up for him, but the daughter must stay away.

An impartial observer of the industrial and commercial situation is apt to conclude that protection is about as welcome to a country as a donation party of hungry parishioners to a struggling pastor.

It is said that the Hon. John L. Slugger has come to the conclusion that if it costs \$107 to kick a horse, he will hereafter confine himself to knocking down servant girls, the latter amusement costing nothing.

Fon the eight months since May 1, 1884, the receipts from saloon licenses in Chicago. under the Illinois high license law, amounted to \$1,400,000. The receipts from licenses of every other description amounted to only

Ir is now thought that the reason Mrs. Dudley did not kill O'Donovan Rossa outright was because she shut her eyes when she pulled the trigger. There are certain things at certain times a woman will do though the heavens fall.

A Buffalo man advertises "busses" for sleighing parties. In Indianapolis sleighriding parties furnish their own "busses," with sundry delightful squeezes thrown in. These lake city folks are enterprising, but think of offering to sell kisses.

THE imports of foreign merchandise last week were about equal to their general average, the total being \$7,419,703, of which \$5,347,430 represents general merchandise, and the remainder, \$1,072,273, dry goods. Since January 1 they aggregate \$35,445,877, compared with \$42,614,351 for the corresponding period of 1884.

Another victory for women has been glass and burning brimstone? cored, the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireurgical degree on the same terms as men. | has An effort was made to narrow the privilege so as to exclude women from the fellowship and higher offices of the college, but it was in waging war upon each other. defeated by a very decided vote.

Ir there is any thruth in the report that 40,000 Irishmen have been thrown out of a few centuries now. and see if the Great employment in England because of the dynamite excitement, it is difficult to see how the peace and comfort of the United Kingdom have thereby been advanced. The effect of such a proscription would be to increase the number of desperate men; to add fuel to the flames already almost beyond

THE Journal of Education is disposed to believe that the ill-hearth of the children is more largely attributable to the lack of proper care at home than to inadequate hygienic provisions in the schools, and suggests that the physicians, before making complaint against school boards and school teachers. should look to the indiscretion of parents in permitting the children to indulge in fashionable follies.

THE Philadelphia Star is advised that a President is a big thing. When he goes out | the he is recognized by every one from the statesman to the bootblack; he has the finest and house in town, and so much power that the to the country as well as the town, to the highest must bow down to him. He gets extremely poor as well as the rich. By go-\$50,000 a year; his house is given to him; it | ing to the doors of the children instead of is furnished and lighted and warmed at the having the children come to its doors, it Government expense. Nearly all the servants are paid by Uncle Sam. It is a good although its tutition is , ree, is beyond the enthing to be a President.

A HORRIBLE traffic in white babies, who are sold to Chinese dens for \$60 apiece, has been discovered in San Francisco. Four of these babies have been discovered, and it is believed there is a much larger number in the monopoly. It is a higher educational the hands of the Chinese. They are all fegnale children, and are illegitimate. One if they can pay the greater cost of living

chased by Chinese speculators and sent to Chins, where they are raised until twelve years old, when they are sold to rich Chinamen for large sums to be placed in their ha-

THEN AND NOW. A venerable paper, bearing imprint of 49, has been furnished us by a friend that we might read a letter of correspondence of that year from his pen. He had been all the way from Boston to New Orleans, part of the distance by rail, part by stage and the remainder by river boats. "Think of it!" is an exclamation of his letter, "I have trav-

eled 1,800 miles in twelve days and stopped three times. What strides of progress our country has made. I predict that some day one can traverse the entire distance from Boston to New Orleans within eight days." The personal letter which accompanies the my prophecy of thirty-aix years ago for

was my friend; he did not think the feat could be accomplished." The paper referred to makes editorial comment on its New Orleans correspondence, in the course of which it remarks: "Truly, it

another reason than did your father, who

is a fast age we are living in." We wonder what a Boston man in our day would think of being twelve days, or even eight, between his city and the World's Exposition. The line of travel which did not land him in the Crescent City within three days would be pronounced so slow as to be unworthy of patronage; and yet, the editor of 1849 thought "it was a fast age he was

venience of travel in that era of railroading, what an impatient people we find ourselves to be. It seems almost ungrateful for any in our day to complain of slowness in travel. But the Cincinnati merchant breakfasting at home who is not in Chicago, over 300 miles distant, for an early supper, will be- him while he remained. "Little Knife," lieve himself wronged by the rallroad. The however, died afterward, and soon his sucthree to six months across the plains, for cessor, "Young Autelope," followed him to the mover from Boston to California in the happy hunting grounds. Under the 1849, has been reduced to less than seven days, and yet the tourist calls it a tedious ride. An Indiana Congressman and his wife, thirty-five years ago, required from six to eight day: to make the trip from their home to Washington. But a daughter of theirs, when starting for the capital city a few weeks since in a palace sleeping car. expressed horror of the fedious ride (of

twenty-three hours) shead of her. It is ours that is the fast age, but still it hardly keeps pace with our desire for speed. And perhaps thirty six years hence our day will be looked back to as a slow one, just as we lock at the year 1849.

#### A LAY SERMON.

Rev. Heber Newton, of New York, is at it again. In the course of his last Sunday's sermon he said how frightfully beyond the disease of insanity is the vision of orthodox hell. But he fails to tell us what constitutes orthodoxy in these latter days, and that is the most important of questions.

We listened to a sermon recently from the pulpit of a Presbyterian Church, which will be generally accepted as an orthodox church, and yet the preacher took occasion, publicly, to criticise the Westminster Confession, and to show by as logical course of Bible reasoning as can well be devised that the church to-day is not the church of the past.

That God has always fed His children first on milk and then on meat, that the same things can not be preached or practiced now the early Christians preached and practiced. He showed how King died cursing his enemies and laying injunctions upon his son and successor, Solomon, to slay them, while Christ and St. Stephen died asking God to forgive

their slayers. The minister ably showed that religion

should keep pace with civilization. The utterances now made from week to week concerning hell and kindred subjects by the so called orthodox clergymen, would, in the days of the Pilgrims, have condemned the propounders of them to obloquy only second to that visited upon Tom Paine.

After all is not the religion of Christ one love and not of hell, and is it better for preachers to view theology from the eternal philanthropic instead of the eternal vindictive standpoint? Does not modern civilization point rather to boundless oceans of benevolence than towards lonely lakes of molten

Horrible hell hurled at the heads of of their powers for

How would it do to practice Christ's doctrine of charity modified and broadened by a spirit of modern civilized benevolence for Teacher's prayer for a union of his followers can not be realized?

# UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

Both the opponent of the free school system and the stickler for university instruction at the State's expense are infected with the old world spirit of gone-by eras. European civilization, with its crowned royalty and titled nobility, has frowned upon scholastic instruction of the common herd while fostering learning for the favored

The American idea deprecates any leaning to class or caste in legislation, or in any benefits or privileges under legislation. Is this idea strictly observed in the making of appropriations by a State for the support of

a university? The common school system represents idea, for it places instruction the reach of all classes conditions. The facilities extend reaches universality. But the university, joyment of the poor for the reason that transportation and expense of boarding can not be paid. Necessarily, then, the university becomes a class institution. Its benefits are as exclusive for the children of the rich as if the laws, in specific terms, gave them privilege for the behoof alone of a class who.

theory is that these female children are pur- from home at the university town, do not need the special tuition gratuity.

But there is something more than this political criticism on State University education. There is positive satire on the Latin inscribed "sheepskin" in the more universal success of men who never bore off gradnation honors. Examine American biography and it will be discovered that our foremost statesmen, lawyers, philosophers and orators have been men who never enjoyed high-grade college instruction. The resplendent ability, original thought, pursussive tongue and aggressive spirit which bave distinguished our country's halls of legislation have most frequently come from "leg school houses," or other temples of learning whose curriculum was not high as that of the average Indiana common

A REPORTER'S LUCK.

Stanley Huntley, a former Chicago Tribune reporter, has now an opportunity to be the head chief of all the Sioux tribes, Huntley is the author of the famous Spoopendyke papers. He had been sent into Montana a few years ago to interview Sitting Bull. He then became acquainted with "Little Knife," the hereditary chieftain of the Teton Sioux tribes, who, shortly after the acquaintance began, sprained his ankle. It kept growing worse, and it was thought his time had come. The medicine-men set up an alarming beating of drums to drive away the evil spirits and pave the old man's way to happy hunting-grounds. Hearing the noise Mr. Huntley went down into the camp, and on learning the difficulty bound the old man's If we consider the tedlousness and incon- ankle in oil and leaves. He took care of the savage for several days, and at the end of that time put him on his feet as well and sound as before the accident. To show his gratitude "Little Knife" adopted Mr. Huntley as his son, and presented him with several ponies and a tepee, and made much of Indian laws the adoption of Huntley by "Little Knife" makes him the successor of "Young Antelope," and he thus succeeds to the chieftainship of all the Sioux tribes. Huntley's Indian name is Wank-per-wan-kan (translated, "The Holy Leaf.") Thus does a newspaper reporter strike a bonanza, but perhaps he may not appreciate it enough to accept it. A Fargo special says that it is not known what Huntley proposes to do, but that his installation as chief, if he accepts, will be one of the grandest festivals ever known along the

THE CARRYING TRADE.

The following table represents the number of vessels engaged in transporting American grain across the Atlantic, and the Nations to which they belong:

..1,120 That is, of 1,120 steamers engaged in oceanic grain carrying, United States merchants owned not a single one. Besides these, there were 101 salling vessels carrying grain, and of these American merchants owned two. Respectfully referred to American states-

THE New York Sun inquires for theauthor of the following lines, and pronounces it "one of the most beautiful poems in the English language." Who is the author?

De massa of de sheepfol' Dat guard de sheepfol' bin, Look out in de gloomerin' meadows Whar de long night rain begin-So be call to de hirelin' shepa'd Is my sheep, is dey all come in

Oh, den says de hirelin' shepa'd, Des's some, dey's black and thin And some, dey's po' ol' wedda's But de res' dey's all brung in, But de res' dey's all brung in

Den de massa of de sheepfo does down in de gloomerin' meadows. Whar de long night rain begin— So he le down de ba's ob de sheepfol, Callin' sof', Come in, Come in. Callin' sof'. Come in. Come in!

T'ro de col' night rain and win'. And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-pai Wha'r de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin. De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol' Devall comes gadderin' in. De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol Dey all comes gadderin' in.

LEE LYNN, of Wabash, was the principal in a shooting matinee yesterday, and he ms to have come on victorious, his a sailant is described by our correspondent as "Bill Hickey, a Chicago rough." The latter was dying at latest advices.

An observing exchange is lead to remark that nothing surprises a man more than beng killed when he expects to kill somebody. GENERAL GRANT called on the Presidentelect yesterday.

# CURRENT THOUGHT AND OPINION.

A POLITICAL farmer is rarely a prosperous man. When political excitement runs high the crops suffer .- Nashville American.

Most of these mills are expected to be run on full time and without any reduction of wages.-Paducah (Kv.) News on the thirty-one Legislatures in session.

THE disgraceful occurrence which took place in O'Donevan Rossa's sanctum in New York is a class of political assassination to be sincerely deplored.-The American Celt.

THERE is no sense in pretending that this bogus butter, called by whatever name it may be, is fit to eat, for it isn't, and the men who make it know it isn't .- Cleveland Sunday Journal.

NINETEEN bills have been presented in the Arkansas Legislature for the regulation of railroads. Meantime the papers in that State continue to acclaim that the pressing need of Arkansas is more railroads.-Nashville American.

Mr. Invine weites of American audiences in the Fortnightly Review. He says the dominant characteristic is impartiality. He has other pleasant things to say. Mr. Irving has acquired the thorough respect of the American public. He came here, submitted himself on his merits, was found to be a genuine artist with only high aims to serve. and has been warmly appreciated. Nobody begrudges the money he has made, for he has something valuable to sell. He proves

himself a gentleman by not depreciating the country which has honored him.-Chicago Current.

FLORIDA has become to the United States what Italy is to Europe, a sanitarium for invalids in winter, and a resort during that period of the year for well-to-do people desirous of escaping the rigors of the frosty season in the North .- New York Daily News.

THE mission to St. Petersburg is said to the hereditary possession of Pennsylvania. and in might be added that after the way the vote went in this State last November a very cold place would be a proper place for a Pennsylvania Democrat. - Pittsburg Chron-

THERE are ever so many of Grant's terse sentences running through the article: it is all well written-on its face it is a masterpiece-but there is an undertone of bitterness, and here and there captionsness, which is not like the old man .- Salt Lake Tribune on the Century article.

At this day and age we need more carpenter schoolmasters, less of technology. knowledge of mechanics and mechanical movements is of more use as well as oras ment in a business training than an inti mate knowledge of the definite article or Greek verb .- Southern Trade Gaze ste.

DYNAMITE has yet failed to show that it can keep a roof over any Irish tenant or put bread in any Irish mouth. It may terrorize London; it is a wild and idle dream to expect it liberate Ireland. It matters not how much the Irish people may condemn it, they must suffer for it .- Wheeling Intelligencer.

#### PERSONALS.

GENERAL ROSECRANS' son is a Cathol priest and his two daughters are nuns. GOVERNOR CLEVELAND is a second coust of the poet, Edmund Clarence Stedman.

MRS, ELLA WHEELER WILCOX is desperately fond of roller skating, even more than of writing poetry.

L. B. HAMLIN, of Augusta, Me., eighty-five years old, enjoys skating on the ice as well as any of the boys.

TENNYSON says: "Men are God's trees."

Then dudes must be ripe thistles-soft on top and slim in the body. Miss CLEVELAND, sister of the President

elect, promises to become popular as th future mistress of the White House. A WESTERN paper savs: "Mary Ander son's kisses remind an actor who plays with

her of the time when he put his tongue to a frozen lamp post when a boy." THE Bishop of Mississippi, Dr. William Mercer Green, is in his eighty-eighth year, yet on a recent visitation he preached nineteen times, baptized eight and confirmed

thirty-three persons. THE death, a few days ago, of Charles Downing, the pomologist, excites but little notice-yet he was the most tasteful and suggestive of the men who wisely give their time and attention to the pleasant calling of developing Nature's beauty in fruits, and

attractive garden and lawn work generally. JOSH BILLINGS, who has abandoned houseseeping and removed to the Windsor Hotel. New York, is now about sixty-five years old and begins to feel the burden of life, irrespective of its probabilities. He has been lecturing twenty-four seasons, and has furnished a New York weekly a half or quarter column miscellaneous contributions every week for the last nineteen years.

THERE is no prettier girl in New York State than Miss Mary Talmage, eldest daughter of the Brooklyn divine. She is of a pale, classic, blonde type of beauty, petite in stature, very vivacious in manner, and stylish in dress and appearance, besides being a finished scholar and a great favorite in young society. It is also alleged she pos-

sesses all the literary tastes of her father THE millionaire who looks the millionaire mere than any other in New York is Mr. William B. Astor. You could not pass Mr. Astor on the street without feeling that he was a very rich man. He looks something like Kaiser Wilhelm. He is over six feet tall, I should say, and stout in proportion. His complexion is flerid, his eyes small and blue or gray, his nose long and rather sharp, and he wears short, gray side whiskers that lie close to his ears and a gray mustache that is clipped short, so that it will not interfere with his soup. He walks up town every day from his office, and aithough he sticks his head out in front of him and is not particularly straight, there is an air of exceptional prosperity about him that is unmistakabla.

# GEORGE ELIOT.

# BY C. H. REEVE.

"More new books?" said a young friend to me, as I was opening a bundle just left by the express man. He continued: "I thought vour last purchase would last you all summer. I saw among them George Eliot's works. Have you read them? How do you like them? I have heard so much about them that I would like to read them as soon as I finish my more serious studies." I replied that I had read the most of them. The question "how do you like them" assumed a serious aspect to me. I felt it duty to answer, but what should I say? had often tried to form in my own mind distinct idea of what I thought of them and had never succeeded. More or less of her personal history came before me, and the impressions made as I read from time to time changed, and the more I analyzed the more I failed to reach a satisfactory conclusion. Here was a young man just entering on the responsible part of the journey of life, and the answer might be important to him in many ways wholly unconnected with Miss Eliot and her writings. Professional criticism is one thing, while the impressions left on the minds of the hundreds of thousands of readers of the works criticised is a very different thing; something the critics' views would not affect though read ever so carefully by the readers of the books criticised. What did I think of George Eliet's novels, was the question. I hardly knew. I had read and re-read some of them, and I had not one single recollection or feeling unmingled with pain or sadness in connection with any of them when I thought of them. Romola, Adam Bede, Daniel Deronda, the Mill on the Floss, and others, came up before me like the ghosts of Banquo's descandents before Macbeth and the witches, and left wonder and pain as they severally had when I read them. I had felt that it was a misnomer to call

ished manner She is a blonde.

been read the next would be entered on with mingled feelings of dread and hope if regarded as a novel-dread of dire catastrophe, and hope that it would be free from it and full of sunshine.

Read as an essay the story could not be

to follow the characters, while being constantly drawn aside to consider the philosophy. At no time could it be free from a deire to consider and argue the multiplicity of serious questions presented-to follow out the new channels of thought constantly opening on this hand or that. A vulgar comparison made the reading like dressing for a sail, then oscillating between the dancing in the ball-room and the study of abstruse mathematical problems in the dressing-room, with an occasional interruption to witness some painful or wonderful scene. I am totally unable to find a clear comparison. I was disposed to think they were failures as novels-failures as essays—while the matter in them, separated and put in different shape, would make both of the very highest order. They seemed like an effort to blend philosopby and romance, and spoiling both. Had bey done any good? Had they done any barm? Confound them! I wish I had never read them, was the feeling I cometimes had. Yet, on an attempt at analysis, I asked myself all sorts of questions. Had she not accomplished in perfection what no other writer had been able to do? Had she not pictured life as it is in reality and left nothing to imagination? Had she not analyzed character as no one before her had ever succeeded in doing? Had she not condensed more social science into less space than ever had been attempted by the most astute professors, and thenwith unparalleled ingenuity—put it in such shape that it would be read by millions, instrad of reaching only the scholars and rusting on the shelves of classic libraries. I could not decide. The impressions of pain and suffering and wretchedness had confronted me at every step as I moved along with her characters. The meanness, the bitterness, viciousness of humanity, often blessed with the best that life can give of material surroundings, side by side with the goodness, the sense of right and justice, the noblest sacrifices, the most enpobling thoughts and acts rewarded by trouble, misfortune, deception and injustice at every turn. Ignorance and weakness supremely happy, knowledge

and strength supremely miserable.

Here and there a little reward for a Dinah Morris or an Adam Bede-but what an ocean of wretchedness and sorrow are crossed to and inconsistencies. Here and there a semipleasant life like Mr. Irwine's, but what personal escrifice, and floods of sorrow from time to time, leave bitter memories? What devilish fatality is it that puts such patience and poverty together as we find with Mrs. Moss; such goodness and misery as centers in Philip Wakem; such sturdy sense of justice and dire misfortune as fall to the lot of Mr. Tulliver; such infernal spite as vents its malice on Maggie Tulliver and sends the manly Tom to the bottom of the river: while a vagabond like Bob Jakin-with only a little gratitude and generosity in him to offset world of knavery—and an educated villian like Stephen Guest, get through life swimmingly and enjoy about all there is in it? Why does she bring such people before us mixed up with the analysis of human char-

acter under all phases and circumstances,

with history, philosophy, science, theology, put together that only wonder remain to down one of and then call it a novel? Why is it that some poor girl is betrayed and her life crushed out, in nearly every one of her Why is some noble character rewarded only after suffering the gravest injustice and when but a narrow margin of life is left, while often, he or she goes down under the vilest injustice? Is it because she brings before us that which is about us on all sides, but which we only partly see? Does she mingle with the pain we feel when following her a something, that makes us judge more correctly, look at life more rationally, weigh human metives more impartially and enables us to deal more with facts and less with romance, adapt ourselves to our surroundings as they are and strive less to act as if they as our fancies would have them? How could an Atheist or a Fatal. ist write such things as she has written, or taint such scenes in words as she has presented to us? Has she left us sceptics-in doubt-when we lay down her books? Am serry I have read her writings? Has she not shown us vice and what led to it-began with its incubation and followed its growth: and all along shown how it could have been avoided? Has she not shown us virtue and what reward it has-if any? Has she not shown us the weakness and strength of human nature and springs that underlie its thoughts and acts. as no other novelist has ever been able to do and in a way that prevents comparison with any other writer? Has she not done what the pulpit and the stage have failed to doshown us human life as it is, without one particle of romantic coloring, and yet, with all the real romance it ever feels or knows save in imagination? Has she not shown us the best there is in womanhood, and also the meanest and lowest it is capable of, and every grade between the two, and in every

Has she not shown us the perfection of a ife that was lived with belief in a God and a hereafter; in His special guidance and unfailing justice while she shows no other li'e so perfect? Has she not given us the sublimity of eloquence, pathos and love in the sermons and prayers of Dinah Morris? What preacher or writer ever left a more holy influence on their hearers or readers than she has left in her writings about this heroic so full of pain and sadness? writer ever started two such streams as she did in Daniel Deronda? Flowing side by side, full of rushing currents and deep waters, utterly unlike, always in view, always separate, one rising and falling in the effort to mingle with the other, yet each flowing in its own channel to the last; the one steady, strong, unvarying, the other turbulent or quiet, furious or shallow, clear or turbid alternately, bearing along on them the wisdom and folly, the virtues and vices, the hopes and despairs, the blisses and miseries, the beneficences and crimes if life in contrasts we can not lose eight of and that leave their impressions for a lifetime? And so on quesons come to me, and I do not know what I ink of George Eliot's novels. She seems have lived in a world of thought that was peculiarly her own. Her writings stand by hemselves apart from those of all others. having nothing in common. In the years to come she will be better understood than she is now, and she may take her place with the exceptsonal children of genius, like Shakspeare, among the most profound observers of human character.

Two Beauties in Washington. [Albany Journal.] Mrs. Helyar, wife of the second Secretary of the British Legation, wore a white satin enwrought with gold brocade, in which I first saw her at Mrs. Berry's party. Her beautiful shoulders, bust and arms were very clearly indicated by the shortcomings of her dress, and she carried two immense bouquets, that of English violets fully equalling a large cabbage in and perfuming the entire There is a great difference of opinion as to this young matron's charms, nearly all women whom I hear express themselves denying her any claim to beauty of countenance, though conceding her a superb yet delicately moulded figure and a distin-

Her face conveys an air of the utmost infference to the female sex. Men surround her in crowds, and she rarely crosses a parlor

Alabama. Six years ago society was excited when the Senator went over to New York, married Miss Nullen, a member of a theater company there, and brought his bride here. was a Mississippian by birth, related to several followed. The mind would be on the stretch the Confederate and Egyptian service, and is still a very beautiful woman of the slender Spanish type. As she appeared the other day, making some afternoon calls upon ladies in the same botel where she is staying, she was the striking figure of the occasion. She wore a long black velvet dress, an immense black Rubens bat covered with black plumes, very black gloves, and carried a fan of black ostrich feathers, day. which, in its graceful motions, seconded the wonderful play of her large dark eyes under the thin arching brows. She beld a whole company of ladies spellbound and fascinated, and that is the last and

> if they had been so many susceptable men. MR. TALMAGE ON "DYNAMITE."

most crucial test of any pretty woman's tal-ents. When she sat down they formed a

semicircle before her, and she carried them

with her by sterm. Except for an oc

casional question they let her have it all

her own way, and she was as bright, spark-

ling and fascinating to all those women and

bewitched them as completely with her

smiles and her black eyes and clever talk as

He Says the Devil of Destruction is Old and Defends the Irish People.

[New York Herald, Jan. 80.] Mr. Talmage talked of dynamite to a large and appreciative audience last evening. He "All Christendom is shazing with the dynamite ague. People talk as though murder on a large scale and particularly of officials was a novelty, and that this species of night shade was unknown to the present generation. The recent explosions in Westminster Hall and the House of Commons was a very mild attempt as compared with the Guy Fawkes dastardy, and far back in the line of English, French and Russian Kings it was the exception when one of them died in his bed. The devil of destruction is an old devil. Call it what you will. socialism or anything else, sometimes it shows itself by throwing vitrol in the face. by crashing a cart-wheel against a carriage. by shooting down a President, or sometimes by attempting to blow up a Parliament House. The philosophy of the whole matter is, that large numbers of people, who by reach it? Here and there a sort of happiness | their crime or by being lazy own nothing like Mrs. Cassaubon after years of mistakes | are mad at those who by their wit and en-The honest laboring classes have never had anything to do with these crimes.

And as on the same night in Washington they attempt the life of Lincoln, Johnson Seward or Stanton, or on the same Saturday in London, when innocen, women and chil-House of Commons, the desperadoes attempt wholesale massacre. As yet the autnors the recent outrages against the House of Parliament are unknown, but on groundles suspicion 5,000 Irishmen in England are turned out of employment. Such unfair measures will never stamp dynamite with harmlessness. There is not an honest Irishman on either side of the seas who favors the acts which took place last Saturday in London. When the shattered House of Commons shall be repaired and her national Legislature with calmed pulses assembled, they can in one week, by useful enact-ment, do more by careful study of the Irish difficulty than can ever be obtained by this excited expulsion. Let the darts of justice fly, but let them strike the right mark.

# He Thought It Would Do.

Chicago Herald. "I want a divorce from my wife," said s Washington street broker to his attorney. but I don't know how to begin it." "Any ground for scandal?" asked the at-

"No: oh, no." "Did she ever hit you?" "No; her temper is quite even."

"Did she ever blow out the gas?" "No-she lets it burn. Maybe that would e grounds, eh?" "No," said the attorney. "In that case she would call to her aid the gas company, and we would have to struggle with a me-

nopoly. That wouldn't do.' "No," said the applicant sadly.
"D'd she ever scald any of the children? sked the attorney, brightening up. "Haven't got any to scald. I suppose wouldn't do to say she scalded the children

of the next door neighbor. "Then I don't know what to do or say." Then both men looked thoughtfully out the window for nearly seven minutes. "She grank out of the finger bowl at the tel when we were on our bridal tour,

said the husband, hesitatingly. "If you get the date and witnesses," said the lawyer quickly, "I think that will sufficient-under our law." Then they went out together and called

# AN INFIDEL WIFE.

for two schooners of beer.

The Wife of a P., C. and St. L. Conductor Elopes With Another Man.

And the Guilty Pair Are Found To gether at the Farmers' Hetel, this

City-The Lothario Arrested. William Woods, of Columbus, O., was arested yesterday evening by Patroln Clarke and Pope as a fugltive from justice. The arrest was caused by Eli D. Miner, a conductor of the P., C. and St. L., who also resides in Columbus, and who charges the prisoner with seduction, his wife being the victim. It appears that the prisoner is train-caller for the Pan-Handle Road at the above point, and some time ago formed an acquaintance with Miner's wife. Some days since, this lady informed her husband that she intended to visit her mother in Osceols, Iowa. To this Mr. Miner made no objection, and his wife soon started for that point, as he supposed. Woods disappeared on the same day that Mrs. Miner departed, and rumors were afloat that he had gone off with her. These reports reached the ears of her husband, and he came to the conclusion that there was some truth in them. He went to Osceols at once and found that his wife had not been there: further that her mother was dangerously ill. Feeling convinced that something was wrong, Mr. Miner left immediately for this city, arriving here several days ago. He at once instituted a search for his missing wife, and about noon yester-day happened to drop into the Farmers' Hotel, where he observed a trunk with her name marked on it. Going to the book, he found that Mrs. Miner and Mr. Woods had registered as man and wife, and had been occupying the same room for several days. He remained about the hotel for several hours, and finally went out in search of a policeman. At the depot he found the above mentioned officers, and ordered them

to arrest Woods, which they did as above Miner says he will no longer live with his wife, and it is quite probable that she will

return to her parents. An attempt was made to interview Woods at the Central Station last night, but he positively declined to talk to the reporter. It them novels. There were no real elements of a novel in them if taken as a whole. They were not dramss—there was no plot. They simply grew. They were not histories. They were essays, if anything based on important facts. Essays attached to a story. They could not be read as essays or stories with less than two favored escorts. Her husband is a hearty, handsome young Englishman, not at all troubled at the admiration of his queenly wife.

A very pretty woman who has reappeared in Weshington this year is Mrs. George he has resided for many years. He will be returned to that to the reporter. It was a mishomer to call them novels. There were no real elements with less than two favored escorts. Her husband is a hearty, handsome young Englishman, not at all troubled at the admiration of his queenly wife.

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#### LEGISLATIVE NOTES.

Short Sessions in Both Branches of the Legislature Yesterday.

The Senate Committee on Prisons Visit the Michigan City Institution-Other Notes.

Both bodies of the Legislature adjourned at noon vesterday, to meat at 2 o'clock Mon-

Directors of the prisons and Trustees of the benevolent institutions will be elected at 2:30

p. m. to-morrow. Mr. Gooding is opposed to compacts between insurance companies and has introduced a bill to prevent them.

The parties to the Knightstown Home controversy have employed attorneys and the disclosures are expected to be sensational, dirty and cost y. A bill introduced by Senator Hilligas em-

powers County Commissioners to open books for subscriptions to erect soldiers' monuments and to appropriate money for the When the House assembled yesterday

there were but sixty-three members present, and the aid of the Sergeant-at-Arme had to be invoked. Five wandering statesmon were corrailed and the House proceeded to busi-T. W. Tomlinson, of Logansport, has been appointed clerk and stenographer for the

Knightstown Investigating Committee at a salary of \$6 per day, and a day's work is fixed at eight hours actual employment. Considering that stenographic court reporters are worth but \$5 per day, this seems just a little odd.

The House has ordered printed the Sanate bills providing for a temporary loan and appropriating money for the completion and equipment of the new insane hospitals. If Mr. Moody proposed to investigate the asylums, it would be well for him to begin at once, as they are likely to be completed within the few years. THE SENATE COMMITTEE AT THE NORTHERN

The Senate Committee on Prisons, repre sented by Senators Hoover, Faulkner, Benz. Null, Campbell, of St. Joe, and Marshall, returned yesterday afternoon, after a very pleasant trip to the Lake City. They were accompanied by Miss Frankie Faulkner and dren are enjoying the great sights in the Miss Susie Morgan, and Mrs. John Saids. and a numar of others. Both on the cars and at leisure moments while at the prison Senator Hoover's bill for the encouragement of life-time convicts in the State Prisons was freely discussed and earnestly approved by all members of the committee. The bill provides that prisoners sentenced for life shall be liberated by the Governor at the expiration of twenty-five years from the date of their sentence, less the time earned by good behavior during the time of imprisonment. A convict whose behavior had been uniformly good would, under the provisions of this bill, be released at the expiration fifteen years and three months. The release, however, would be only provisional; the siightest infringement of law after their release would remand to prison for the unexpired term. Rev. Mr. McCain, chaplain of the Southern Prison, said that no life time convict who had been pardoned by the Governor had ever committed a second of fense which returned him to prison. Warden Murdock gives like testimony as to the Northern Prison. Senator Campbell, of St. Joe, who is one of the ablest Reput Senators, made a somewhat investigation of the prison accounts, and called for vouchers as to time of convict labor, not only from the guards but also from some of the contractors for such labor; and also made personal exami nation of the Warden's bond. Mr. Murdock said that he was willing and ready at any time to permit the most searching inyestigation as to every detail of expenditure and every act of discipline. And he added that if the Legislature did not think a bond of \$30,000 was ample, he was willing to give one for \$50,000 or for \$500,000. at twenty-four hours notice. The Senator from St. Joe said he was satisfied that the present bond was large enough, and good enough, and that the books showed a satisfactory management of the finances. Clerk Condon was complimented by members of the committee on his bookkeeping. The Hon. Henry Manning, of Fort Wayne, one of the directors, was present, and aided the committee materially in their investigation.

> Union City. A departure from the old order of things was inaugurated last evening by J. W. Staats, proprietor of the Branham House. The large dining-room was cleared of tables and cards of invitation having been issued to the married people by the order of "Old Liners," under the supervision of G. W. Smith and J. L. Wiggin, about fifty couple of the married folks assembled, and with stirring strains of music by Professor Willism Woods' full orchestra, the dance was "The Irish Washerwoman," "Ricketts" Hornpipe" and other ancient airs were called for, and the almost forgotten figures of the "Virginia Reel" and "Money Musk" were revived. Those who preferred less muscular exercise were invited to the parlor, where "progressive euchre" was the order.
> At 10 o'clock a substantial lunch
> was served with coffee, after which business was resumed till midnight The alacrity with which some of the old stagers like Dr. Yergin, J. D. Smith and others went through the changes of the Vir-

Mr. George Majors, one of the other direc-

tors, was unfortunately absent by reason of

ginis reel was a caution to beginners. Altogether it was a royal entertainment. The recent disasters from natural gas explosions in different parts of the country, and the unfavorable legislation now pending against companies controlling the same, a system of electric lighting prise both domestic and street purposes will be adopted instead of waiting the cheaper mode of natural gas.

G. W. Smith is about to close a contract exclusively for

turning boxwood wheels for his two-whee The magnetic lady evangelist from Hartford City has been expected here to assist in a protracted meeting now in progress at the M. E. Church. She has not arrived yet, but is expected every day.

for a \$2,500 lathe to be used exclusively for

The Twain-Cable Entertainment, The "Mark Twain"-Cable readings at Plymouth Church yesterday afternoon and evening attracted large audiences. The same programme was rendered on both occasions. Mr. Clemens' inimitable drawl, attitudes and facial expressions add greatly to the laughter-provoking qualities of his graphic delineations as he told of a "Desperate Encounter with an Interviewer," "Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer's Brilliant Achievement." "The Blue Jay's Mistake," and "My Dael." Mr. Cable's humor, though equally enjoyable, is more subdued. It is of a more delicate nature, and their is a vein of pathos running through it. His readings include "Raoul Innerarity Exhibits His Picture," "Raoul Innerarity Announces His Marriage," "Aurore and Honore, Courtably Scene," and "Mary's Night Ride."

